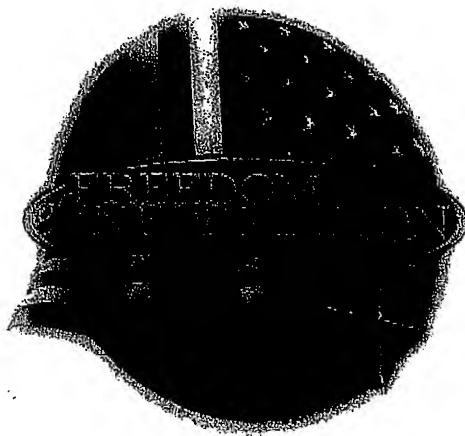


FREEDOM OF INFORMATION
AND
PRIVACY ACTS

Subject: Julius Rosenberg

File Number: 65-15348

Section: Sub D (4)



FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

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FILE DESCRIPTION

NEW YORK FILE

SUBJECT

Julius Rosenberg

FILE NO.

65-15348
Sub. Sec. D

VOLUME NO.

4

SERIALS

181

THRU

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U. S. Department of Justice

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See also Nos.

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File No. 65-15348
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"National Guardian" - June 1911

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INVENTORIED BY sf

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Date: 1/98
(month/year)

File No: 65-15348-Sub D Re:

Re:

Julius Rosenberg

[illegible]

Remember the Rosenbergs
Free Sobell from Alcatraz

ROSENBERG MEMORIAL MEETING

THURSDAY, JUNE 17—8 P.M.

CHATEAU GARDENS (air-cooled)
103 E. Houston St. (at 2nd Av.)

Admission: \$1 incl. tax

Hear: John T. McManus, Helen Sobell,
recorded voice of Emanuel Bloch, others

National Committee to Secure Justice for
Morton Sobell in Rosenberg Case
1030 Fifth Av. LO 4-9546



65-15348-D-181

CLIPPING FROM THE
National Guardian
DATED June 14, 1954
FORWARDED BY N. Y. DIVISION

SEARCHED	INDEXED
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JUN 14 1954	
FBI - NEW YORK	

'Rosenberg Cantata'

The first American literary work of stature fixing Ethel and Julius Rosenberg where history will assuredly place them—in the gallery of American martyred heroes with Joe Hill, Sacco and Vanzetti and the men of Haymarket—appears in the June Jewish Life (22 E. 17th St., N.Y.C. 3; 25c). Mike Gold's Rosenberg Cantata ranks with the best writing of the 60-year-old people poet and essayist.

ONLY THIS FROM
N.Y. *National Guardian*
DATED *June 14, 1954*
FOR *ARTIST BY T. J. DISCLOSURE*

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THE ROSENBERG CANTATA

by Michael Gold

65-15348 D183

SEARCHED	INDEXED
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JUN 2 1954	
NEW YORK	

CLIPPING FROM THE
National Guardian
June 21, 1954
SUBMITTED BY N. Y. DIVISION

History

From their cells in the dark death house
Ethel and Julius Rosenberg saw the sun go down
The sun of justice was going down in America
And in the darkness a Beast hunted the People
He poisoned the green Jefferson fields
He shattered the cities of Roosevelt
He was armed with a Bomb and a Lie!

The Beast

It is the American Century!
The Rosenbergs stole our Bomb!
Kill! Kill! kill kill!

Ethel

How can one live without love?
There is no love in a prison
Julius where are you?
Have we lost the darling boys?

Julius

Our love grows through life and death
And the People will set us free

The Beast

I have muddled the People's brain with movies and television
I have deadened their hearts with money and dead art
I have deafened them to the great voices
The People can never hear you
And every bank and steel mill has sworn
That this is the American Century
And the Rosenbergs must die

The Children

Mummy and Daddy please come home
The house is so lonesome

Ethel

We'll be home in the spring
With the flowers and joyful birds
Wait for us darlings!

Children

Daddy and Mummy does it hurt
To die in an electric chair?

Congregation of Old Jews

And the rulers worshipped a Golden calf
And they worshipped a Hydrogen Bomb
And they killed the Prophets and burned the Jews
And murdered Sacco-Vanzetti and Willie McGee
O God of Justice spare the Rosenbergs!
Thy humble prophets of the poor!

The People

We are the People
In song and suffering
And blood of martyrs
We are the People
Steadfast in sorrow
We build a new world

History

The stench of a dying world
Poisons the streets and homes the schools and courtrooms
Imperialist decay rots the young promises of America
Yet slowly a miracle deeply stirs
The world can never end
In every age and in every clime
Miracles of the People are born
To save man's world anew
In a dark death cell the Rosenberg miracle is born
To testify that Lincoln still lives
And their name rings like a sacred bugle cry
through the world

Children

Mummy and Taddy tell us the wedding story again

Ethel

Your father was so thin and poor and serious
Like a pale young East Side prophet
That I loved him for his hunger and dreams

Julius

Your mother was a beautiful Queen Esther
And her singing so moved my heart
I thought the tenements were a green forest
And she the sweetest singer there

Ethel

The Rabbi married us under the canopy
We began in joy! we lived in joy!

Julius

I waltzed my bride around the hall
The guests applauded and drank red wine
O beautiful swan with white wings
Where is our family joy?

Both Rosenbergs

Hear! give us back our children!

The Beast

All are at the feast of life but you
The auto roads and sunny beaches swarm with
happy Americans

They rejoice in their autos and frigidaire
And their children play around them in joy
But you have sacrificed your family joy
To your beehive bitter god

(a silence)

Confess only that you stole the Bomb
I need your confession
It is a battle won
In the war for the American Century

(a silence)

Here is the key to your prison

Confess and live

You can gain the bright crown of success

Confess daily at treason trials and on television

Become famous informers rich and admired like

Hollywood stars

And your children will have joy

(a silence)

Be practical, make a deal and live

Justice and truth are commodities

The world is a jungle

Its only law victory or death

Congregation of Old Jews

And they tortured the Jews to confess

That we had betrayed the State and drunk Christian

blood at our Passovers

They burned and tortured us through the centuries

But we never surrendered to their great lie

Or gave up our Jewish song in man's symphony

The Rosenbergs

We cannot take the road of the beast and informer

We will follow the road of brotherhood

That leads to the shining festival

Where every child will be loved

And hearts are united and a Bomb no longer is God

Man is the meaning of the universe

And Brotherhood is the meaning of Man

And here in the lonely prison dark

Our cells are alight with faith

We will persist in love

And if the Beast crushes our hearts

Our dark agony may bring a bright blessing

To all the children of Man

O happy children of tomorrow remember the Rosenbergs

Who were steadfast on the road of Man

The Beast

Executioner

Set up the Chair

History

The Rosenbergs have chosen

As all must choose in this hour

Man who has fought upward from the primeval

aim

Now comes to his final hour of birth or death

This is the turning point

Here the roads part forever

Man must choose hate and greed and the Hell Bomb

death

The final fascist flame and explosion of the world

Or world brotherhood

The Beast

They are trapped in a mine

They are alone

History

No stars shone down there was only silence

In that dark night when Spartacus died on the cross

But Man is awake now at last

And millions of hearts beat with the Rosenbergs on

their cross

It is the century of Man

And on the five continents the People are marching

Take heart take heart we have come a long way!

Both Rosenbergs

Listen children! The People are marching!

Take heart we are coming home

With the lilac and joyful birds!

The People

The world conscience is marching on picketlines

All the cities stand watch with bared heads in the

sunlight squares

On the sacred hills of Rome and in the vineyards of

Chile

Miners scholars and priests unite for the Rosenbergs

Great China arises, the people of a new planet of

labor and peace

This Cantata by Michael Gold first appeared in the June (Rosenberg) Memorial issue of Jewish Life. Gold's 60th birthday was recently marked by the publication by International Publishers of The Mike Gold Reader, a collection of his writings. He is the author also of the great novel Jews Without Money.

The mothers and soldiers of China cry out for the
New York martyrs
And Africa rises in her wrath and affirms her ancient
freedom
And joins humanity's watch over the Rosenbergs
The Latin Americans the brave oppressed peoples
declare their fierce love for the Rosenbergs
The France of Joan of Arc and the Bastille unites
again
As against the Nazi to thunder with the voice of
resistance for the Rosenbergs
And the great world pioneers are faithful to the
human hope
The Soviet people the heroes of Stalingrad march for
the Rosenbergs
Man is awake he pleads in a hundred tongues
For the Rosenbergs for the pure souls of the Rosen-
bergs

History

I History tell you again America
America stands alone
Free the Rosenbergs to save America

The Beast

Executioner make ready the chair
America can stand alone

The People

Our picket lines ringed the White House
Jefferson and Lincoln America spoke to the America
of Eisenhower
We the People were rejected
American mothers machinists doctors and seamen
We the delegates of the people
Clothing workers miners and brave sharecroppers
From Florida to Canada and California to Maine
Dishwashers steel workers and poets
Beautiful young girls with hearts aflame
The hungry the strong the young and the old the
Negro and white Americans
All marching for justice in the American dark
To save the Rosenbergs

The Beast

Executioner are you ready?
In the name of the American Century
Throw the switch Forever

(a sudden scream, the cry of the children,
the anger and weeping of masses)

The People

is done. The Rosenbergs are dead. A cry of horror
rises from the earth.
The Beast has won another battle. He has flung the
bodies of the Rosenbergs at the People.
He roars his challenge to the stars.
If he cannot rule the earth he will end it in flame
and gas
As he did with the Rosenbergs.
He murdered Spartacus and Joan of Arc. He killed
Joe Hill and Sacco-Vanzetti and the men of Hay-
market.
But the rivers still flow to the sea.
The sun rises each morning and the People are
marching on.
The great revolutions come like strong winds into
his house of death.
Miracles of the People renew the dying world.
His faithless informers his lying teachers scientists
and writers
His sneaks and whores and human monsters born
of money
Rally behind the standard of the Hydrogen Bomb
and Death
But they cannot build a world.
And the People rally about the flag of Life.
Americans do you hear the voice of the Rosenbergs
Calling you to brotherhood and joy?
The Bomb cannot build a world!
We are the People
We are the People
We are the builders
In song and suffering
And the blood of our martyrs
We build a new world

History

The Rosenbergs reborn
In all the skies
The dawn is red
And the birds of history
Sing a new song

The People

Cities and streets and towns named Rosenberg
Glowing in a new world
Life radiant in home and factory
And the green earth lit with joy
And all our beautiful sons and daughters
Growing in a world of brothers
Will sing of the people's martyrs
And bless each people's hero
And remember the sacred Rosenbergs
Whose suffering was a seed of brotherhood

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**for Brownell's police-state bills;
is necessary to block their passage**



They dropped red roses on two graves

"This is holy ground," said Rabbi Meyer Sharff at the ceremony June 24 marking the first anniversary of the death of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg. Three hundred persons gathered under a hot sun at Pinelawn Cemetery on Long Island to pay homage. There was no headstone yet. In his concern over vandalism the cemetery has held off in granting permission to raise the headstone, but it is expected to be placed soon. On June 18, 2,500 persons overflowed a memorial meeting for the Rosenbergs in Manhattan's Chateau Gardens.

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We sincerely regret the delay in publication of our Emanuel Pinch Memorial Edition of the Death House Letters of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg.

The book is now on the press and advance orders will be shipped soon. We are grateful for the patience of the many GUARDIAN readers who ordered copies of this monumental work.

The price of this new expanded edition is \$1.50. Order from:

CAMERON & KAHN
109 Greenwich Av., New York 13

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Sept 27, 1954

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